20
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REDEEMER SPECIAL: THE SECOND EPISTLE
WARHAMMER
PRESENTS
THE
REDEEMER
PAT
MILLS
DEBBIE
GALLAGHER
WAYNE
REYNOLDS

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BANEBLADE! BANEBLADE! At last I have you, you sickeningly goody goody Ultramarine! I have slaved away for three day-cycles, preparing a secret foodstuff, which I have now ingested in a dark and despicable ritual of the most awesome consequence. Augmented by the most sacred libation I have drunk, my powers are at their most majestic. So now, with the corrupt blessings of Lord Kharne and the other great Dark Powers, I shall most happily give you an almighty kicking!

WHAT DEMENTED NONSENSE *are you dribbling now, you disgusting wretch? Give me 'an almighty kicking' – you and whose Chapter, Gutspew? You couldn't take out so much as a scout-novice on his first day of basic training, let alone best a – may the Blessed Emperor forgive me for any lack of modesty – truly mighty, genetically superhuman Ultramarines Space Marine like myself.*

NORMALLY NO, PERHAPS! But, well, ha ha haa!! For, foolish Ultramarine, I have chanced upon a truly devious preparation that will seal your doom. And I found it here, in the very pages of this deliciously deviant comic book. See that rampaging fellow with the caged head! See the great power he wields, a power so great it threatens the very safety of Hive Primus! And see where he gets the power from, for–

YOU'VE BEEN EATING RATS *and now you think you're superhuman, is that what you're saying? By the Emperor! I take back everything I said about you. What a splendid plan. It's true; I admit it, you're the superhuman one! Far, see... **DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!** Why, my bolter shells barely blow away your arms! And see... **DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!** how your blood barely spurts absolutely everywhere. And see... **DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!***

THE REDEEMER, a story of heresy and damnation amongst the foul sinners of the Underhive!

✠ **Chapter One** – in which the vile and heretical minions of the Caller gather for revolution, and a Hive Quake causes the most grievous loss of the Pulpitek.

✠ **Chapter Two** – in which the loyal followers of the Redemption have their faith tested – and some are found sadly wanting.

✠ **Chapter Three** – in which our beloved Redeemer is captured whilst attempting to extract a full confession from that foul deathless deviant, Ferran Vaar.

✠ **Chapter Four** – in which great blasphemy is committed, and once again those guilty are duly punished by our Holy Master.

Praise be to the Redeemer!!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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ASK BROTHER MALAKEV!

✠✠✠ LETTER OF THE MONTH ✠✠✠

• You putrid piece of pestilence, how do you think the engines of Khorne would keep going if it was not for the undying service of the Chaos Dwarfs? Would your armour fuse with your feeble body so well or your ships fly through the Warp with such ease, would your weapons deliver death to the enemy so well? You piece of scum-sucking filth, you should be praising the Gods of Chaos for our devotion to the engines and weapons of the Dark Gods, for without them you would have been Nothing fodder long ago. Bleed for the Blood God!

– Zurgrum

Oh no, was that Zurgrum again? Sorry about that but he gets out of control now and again. I think he's a bit upset at what Gutspew said about Dwarfs in issue 16. I used to wonder why I kept collecting Chaos armies, but now I don't. As a former staunch Imperial Guard player I have to report myself to the local Inquisitor to be purified, and it's not funny I can tell you! I started this letter to ask you when are you going to do a nice big long story about the Imperial Guard? Maybe against Tyranids. Also I would like to say how much I enjoy reading Warhammer Monthly, as well as Inferno! and White Dwarf. Believe it or not I have been reading them since issue one and this is the first time I have been moved to write a letter. I have enjoyed the quality of your products over the years.

In the Service of the Emperor

– Captain Paul Stevenson, Imperial Guard Storm Division, Norfolk

✠ By the Emperor, but you had me going there with that 'Zurgrum' stuff! I nearly soiled my vestments most terribly. I'd better get myself something fresh to wear, like one of those black robes with the funny prayer on it... have one yourself too while I'm at it.

• I have read a couple of Warhammer Monthly Comics and I would personally like the comic to be divided into two ongoing comic strips, one Warhammer and one 40K. These comic-strips would be changed every 3 months. This I think would appeal more to those who like to read long comics. Instead of when it just gets interesting being met with the words "continued in the next issue".

– Thomas Johansen, Denmark

✠ What an excellent idea. I'm right behind you on this one... Um... except... hold on... um, where would us Necromundans go? Would you really banish us just like that? Send out, homeless into the void, without a comic to call our own? Woe is us! Woe is us! You nasty man!

• I am proud of your great comic (sad that that stupid Chaos follower Gutspew should come along). I am especially proud of Darkblade, Dwarflords and, of course, Bloodquest. Keep up the good work.

– Declan, Kilkenny, Ireland

• Ha, foolish Chaos Spawn!

Did you for a moment think that such a noble High Elf as myself would ever condescend to address a fawning lap-dog such as yourself? What arrogance! My last comments were addressed to the noble warrior who languishes in the depths of the Warp with you. Might I suggest that you and the vile Gutspew should feature in your own strip? Also my brother, a member of the Ultramarines Chapter wishes to tell you that there is a pack of hellfire shells in the post!

My congratulations to all who create this wonderful tome, and don't forget to include some High Elves.

– Jennifer Powers, High Elf Mage (via e-mail)

• Just writing to tell you what an excellent comic Warhammer Monthly is. Being the second time I have written in, I would like to say that Dwarflords lived up to, and surpassed, all my expectations.

Just one thing though, I am rather upset by the absence of the Imperial Guard from Warhammer Monthly, as they are ultimately cool and deserve at least one strip. Models wise, let's see Kage from the Last Chancers, an extremely hard warrior who is more than a match for the legions of the Adeptus Astartes, let alone that snivelling cur Gutspew. May the Emperor smile upon you and release you from your eternal prison.

– Col. Richard Robbins, Cadian XXI, Hampshire

• I got your comic with White Dwarf and I must say it's class. It's not always easy to get your comic in Ireland.

– Trevor Purtill, Captain of the 2nd Altdorf Volunteers, Co. Tipperary, Ireland

✠ My, what a lot of soldier types around here today! That's good to know, in case any ruffian types turn up. Oh no, here's one now! Redeemer save me!

• I offer you a fish. Apologies. That should read "I offer you greetings". This barbaric script of yours is too simplistic for one such as I. A thousand subtle meanings I should weave into one sentence were I to write in my native tongue.

Now onto business. I must congratulate you on producing such an admirable tome. Really, for primitive creatures such as yourselves, it is quite an achievement! Those "letter pages" are always interesting, though there are some dubious authors. I ask you, where does an Ork learn to write? What right have puny humans to contribute to these hallowed pages? And the "Chaos Eldar"? Well, it is anybody's guess why she has sworn allegiance to false gods and not to the Dark Father, Lord of the Shadows? The only other complaint is against the comic itself, as our glorious legions, and indeed my own species, have been regretfully omitted from your pages. See to it that it is amended with great urgency, or you shall receive a visit from my Incubi.

I must adjourn now, I feel the Need rising. The Haemonculus approaches with today's sacrifices. Slay a few, that I might drink deep their essence.

– High Archon Grieve of the Kabal of the Eternal Shadow (via e-mail)

✠ Ooh, you silly Dark Eldar don't scare me, with your pointy pants and your scratchy fingernails. I'm not scared of you, not while the blessed Redeemer is with me. Redeemer? Redeemer! oh... Help! Help! Heeeeeeellppppp!

✠✠✠

✠ You can send all your prayers to us at:

Warhammer Monthly,
Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK

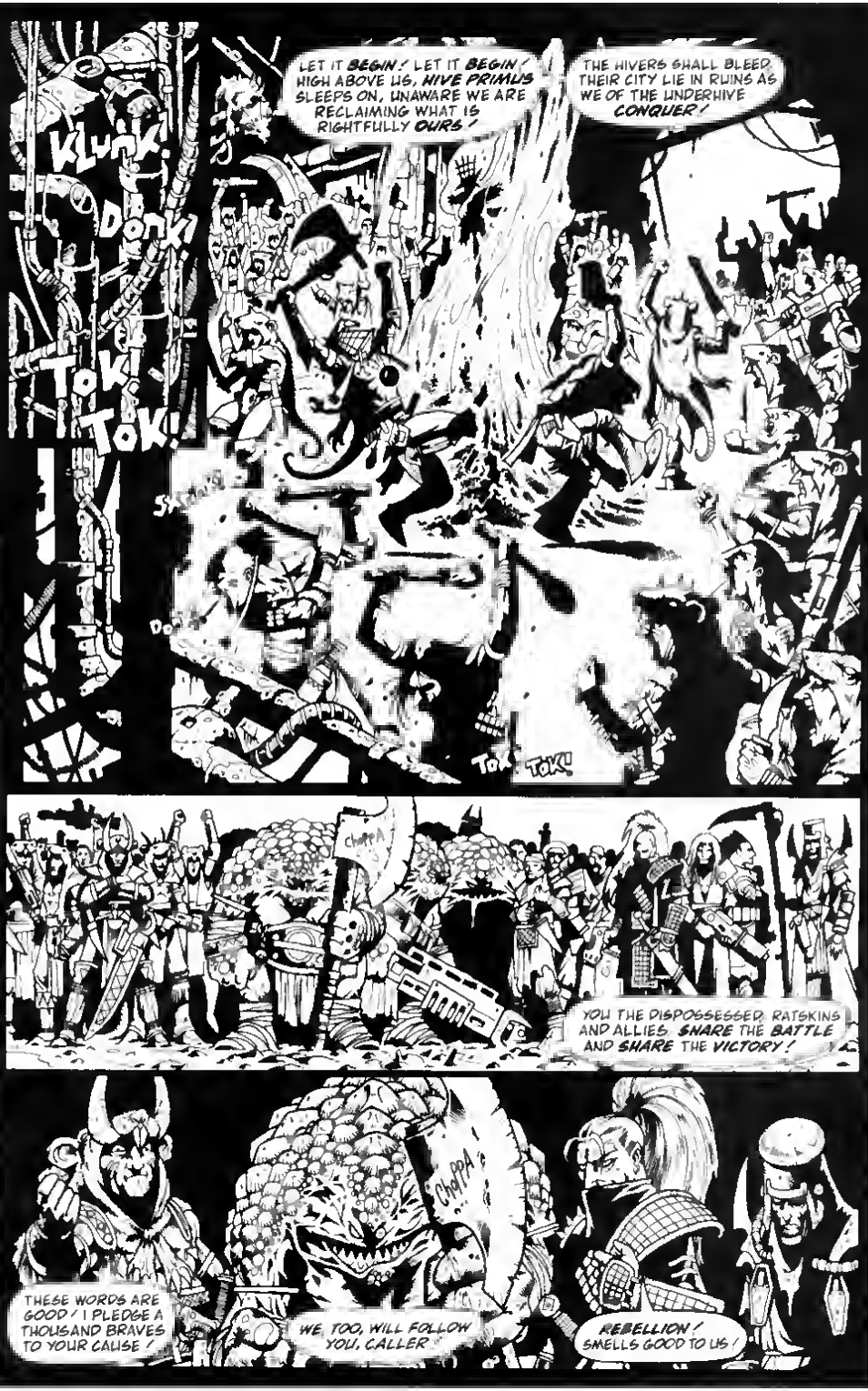
Or via the power of sorcery like so:

publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

The best letter gets a lovely warm vest, just like this one!

THE REDEEMER
BOOK TWO: FIRE DOWN BELOW
SCRIPT PAT MILLS & DEBBIE GALLAGHER
ART WAYNE REYNOLDS
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON
I, Deacon Malakev, continue my saga of Klovis the Redeemer and how he pursued the Ratskin Deviant known as The Caller into the Underhive for this vile miscreant, armed with the Bloodmare Stone, had threatened to raise rebellion against Hive Primus.
I record it, so successors in our order may learn from the Redeemer's battles for the cause of righteousness - for of my master it was truly said
"Prince, slow to punish, prompt to reward, he suffered when he was obliged to be hard"
THE WORK OF THE CALLER!

HIS REBELLION HAS BEGUN HE MUST HAVE INCITED THE RATSKING TO DO THIS
THE EMPEROR KNOWS I AM A MERCIFUL MAN, BUT WHEN I CATCH THIS DEVIANT
IT'S THE NUMBER ELEVEN FOR HIM
HOW JOYOUS! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO USE THE GRINDERS!
AND SO YOU SHALL, MALAKEV, ONCE WE HAVE SQUEEZED HIS
WHAT'S THAT?
SKRINK!
SKRINK!
SKRINK!
KRANK!
VRONK!
CLUNK!
TOK!
TOK!
TOK!
SKRINK!
SKRINK!
KRANK!
SKRINK!
SKRINK!
SPIRIT DANCE!


KLUNK
DONK
TOK
TOK!
LET IT BEGIN! LET IT BEGIN! HIGH ABOVE US, HIVE PRIMUS SLEEPS ON, UNAWARE WE ARE RECLAIMING WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS!
THE HIVERS SHALL BLEED THEIR CITY LIE IN RUINS AS WE OF THE UNDERHIVE CONQUER!
TOK
TOK!
CHOPPA
YOU THE DISPOSSESSED RATSKINS AND ALLIES SNARE THE BATTLE AND SHARE THE VICTORY!
THESE WORDS ARE GOOD! I PLEDGE A THOUSAND BRAVES TO YOUR CAUSE!
CHOPPA
WE TOO, WILL FOLLOW YOU, CALLER
REBELLION! SMELLS GOOD TO US!

AS THE EMISSARY OF KARLOTH VALOIS, MASTER OF PLAGUE ZOMBIES, I WITHHOLD JUDGEMENT WORDS AND DANCES ARE NOT ENOUGH, MY FRIEND
YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE REDEEMER TO UNDERHIVE AND WITH HIM THE CURSED REDEMPTION!
THE REDEEMER! THAT RANTING FOOL! HE IS DEAD WHEN I SAY THE WORD!
BUT IF I SAY IT, WILL VALOIS SUPPORT US?
AYE. THE PLAGUE ZOMBIES WILL RISE FROM THEIR PITS AND FOLLOW YOU
THEN BEHOLD! I SAY THE WORD!
KABOOM!

HIVEQUAKE!
SPLUDGE!
BALE OUT!
BUT BRING THE TOOLS OF OUR HOLY WORK WITH YOU!
SLUDGE JELLIES!

ZZZT!
ZZZT!
MALAKEV! I'VE GOT TO RESCUE HIM!
HE'S GOT THE LIBER EXCRUCIATUS!
BEHOLD! THE REDEEMER, THAT INSIGNIFICANT THORN IN MY SIDE, IS FINISHED!
SEE MY POWER! WHAT MORE PROOF DO YOU NEED?
NONE. THE FORCES OF THE UNDEAD ARE AT YOUR SIDE

THERE HE IS!
CAN'T GET THE BOOK OFF HIS BACK!
GOT TO RESCUE HIM AS WELL
Brude healed my paralysis with herbs from his blindsnake pouch...
OH REDEEMER! THANK YOU! THANK YOU! YOU RISKED EVERYTHING TO SAVE MY LIFE! I, WHO AM BUT A MISERABLE WORM! A PUSTULENT BOIL! UNWORTHY TO STOKE YOUR FIRE!
YES, MALAKEV, THAT'S QUITE TRUE BUT... AS YOU KNOW...
I AM THE MOST MERCIFUL OF MEN

DENIZENS OF THE UNDERHIVE

Being the true and honest testimony of those godless creatures which afflict the depths of Hive Primus By Brother Balthius, loyal chronicler of the Emperor's Divine Crusade, recorded by His Grace in the year 7499021M41

RATSKINS

THE STRANGE SPECIES known as Ratskins have lived in the ruins of the Underhive for as long as time itself They regard this dark place as their ancestral home They show no natural curiosity for the world above their heads They live in small communities, hidden away from the Hivers. Their settlements cultivate cane spore and fungus for food and they hunt the herds of rats which infest the hive. For the most part, they avoid intruders whose heathen ways they believe offend and anger the ancient spirits of the hive.

To the Ratskins, the Underhive is a living place inhabited by sacred spirits. They respect the hive as a mighty god, generous in its bounty and merciless in its vengeance In their eyes the Underhivers often anger the hive, causing roof collapses and tunnel cave-ins with their clumsy excavations. Sometimes Hivers trespass on sacred places or poison the native pools and water pipes.

Untold centuries dwelling in the uncharted depths of the Underhive has given Ratskins senses uniquely adapted to the conditions. Their sight is incredibly keen and it is believed that they can see in complete darkness. A Ratskin can smell differences in air quality, and can track hive creatures by scent The slightest sound tells them if a tunnel is safe or if predators are lurking hereby They know the labyrinthine passages far better than the Underhivers themselves. A few adventurous Ratskins visit Underhive settlements and hire themselves out as scouts and guides, becoming semi-civilised through their contact with Hivers.

Those Ratskins curious about Hivers are attracted to the larger settlements, where they acquire tastes for drink, gambling and riotous living, against which they have no natural immune system or sense of self-discipline. Bands of wild Ratskin renegades are a nuisance to settlers and their own kin, and have a justified reputation for savagery The Ratskins themselves dispossess these individuals and call them Badskins When not drunk, gangs of Badskins spend their time hunting and killing hivers to cleanse their sacted Underhive of all heathen intruders.

PLAGUE ZOMBIES

LONG AGO, Necromunda was swept by a neurone plague which boiled up from the Underhive and touched even the highest peaks of the Spire Victims of the plague succumbed to a vicious fever and their brains were rotted by the terrible disease. All higher reasoning was lost and many victims became little more than shambling beasts.

Unfortunately, even beasts still need to eat and soon thousands of brainless, half-dead plague victims roamed the throughfares of the great hives seeking flesh to feast on. Each time they pulled down some luckless citizen and tore into his flesh with teeth and nails, another victim was infected and another Plague Zombie was added to their ranks. Necromundans struggled to fight off the hordes of Plague Zombies and drive the surviving creatures down into the Underhive.

Zombie plagues still break out from time to time in the Underhive, and packs of Zombies are yet another of the many dangers lurking in the dark underbelly of the Underhive. The Zombies live in wild packs like dogs, fighting each other and living off what carrion they can find or anything unfortunate enough to be caught Plague Zombies have forgotten the meaning of fear and do not experience pain Wounds inflicted by a plague carrier may infect the victim and create another Plague Zombie

SCALIES

EVEN IN THE hellish pit of filth that is the Underhive, some mutant strains stabilise after a time to form a distinct sub-species. The Scalies are one such sub-species, though they are still a highly unstable strain compared to most abhumans.

Scalies are massive reptilian mutants, almost as wide as they are tall. Their skin is mostly a mid-green in coloration, with scales growing over their back, shoulders and head All subjects captured for study stand between 8 and 10 feet tall. Their durability and strength are legendary amongst Underhive scum and they have a fearsome reputation to match.

Scalies are rarely seen creatures, but they are most numerous in the Underhives of Necromunda. They are undoubtedly intelligent but they seldom speak; their mutated necks and twisted voice boxes have changed too much to speak human langnages any more.

This means that little is known about their origins - and the existence of tribes or clans of Scalies hiding in the most severely polluted badzones of the Underhive is merely speculation.

Individual Scalies choose to ally themselves with the very dregs of humanity, plague-ridden mutants and cannibals known as Scavvies. Why is as yet unknown. Many so-called 'Scavvy Kings' go out of their way to recruit Scalies, perhaps with promises of fresh meat, or maybe playing on an inner spark of humanity within the creature which still longs for human contact

CHAPTER TWO
DEACON MALAKEV. MAY I SPEAK TO YOU IN CONFIDENCE?
WHY, OF COURSE, BROTHER BERKRAK.
MY WORDS MUST GO NO FURTHER...
YOU CAN TRUST ME.
IT PAINS ME TO SAY THIS. I HAVE FOLLOWED OUR BELOVED REDEEMER ON MANY A PURGING. BUT NOW I FEAR
HE IS AFFLICTED WITH A DISTEMPER OF THE MIND!

TO CONTINUE OUR MISSION WITHOUT THE WEAPONS OF THE PULPITEK IS INSANITY! WE WILL SURELY PERISH!
LET'S FACE IT, OUR LORD IS OFF WITH THE SLIMSPIDERS!
BUT THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU CAN RELY ON MY DISCRETION, BROTHER BERKRAK
SO WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO RELIEVE HIM OF COMMAND AND APPOINT A NEW REDEEMER I WOULD HUMBLY ACCEPT THAT RESPON-
EEEHHH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
GET IT OFF ME! GET IT OFF ME!
AAAAHHHH!
NOOOOOOO!

PLAGUE ZOMBIES!
SHALL WE PURSUE MY LORD?
NOT YET. ZOMBIES HUNT IN PACKS. WE NEED TO KNOW HOW MANY THERE ARE MALAKEV. SWITCH ON YOUR BIO-SCANNER.
SHORTLY...
SCANNER ESTIMATES TEN ZOMBIES DIRECTLY BELOW US!
THEY MUST BE CLEANSED! ANY VOLUNTEERS FOR THIS HOLY WORK?
HOW ABOUT YOU, BROTHER BERKRAK? WOULD YOU "HUMBLY ACCEPT" THIS GLORIOUS MISSION?
YOU DO ME TOO MUCH HONOUR REDEEMER. I AM NOT WORTHY.
TRUE. BUT YOU'RE STILL GOING.
BUT, OF COURSE, WE WOULD NOT ASK YOU TO DO THIS ALONE. WOULD WE, DEACON MALAKEV?
MY LORD, WHAT - WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS. Erm "HONOUR"?
WELL, THERE'S THE MATTER OF YOUR PAST SINS... THE INCIDENT WITH THE CRANE WHEN YOU NEARLY KILLED ME.
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FORGOTTEN? OH YOU DID.

TOLD YOU, YOU LITTLE RUNT HE'S TOTALLY LOST THE PLOT.
I-I STILL HAVE FAITH.
KILL!
THEN START PRAYING, "BROTHER"
DAKKA!
DAKKA! DAKKA!
KRLAM!
BLAM!
AIIIEEE!

I WARN YOU / YOU'LL REGRET THIS / THE REDEEMER IS MY FRIEND /
AND THE CALLER IS MINE.
KILL THE LITTLE ONE!
NO. PLEASE, PLEASE, NO..
SCOURGE AND PURGE!

THE ACCURSED REDEEMER! HE STILL LIVES!
IT'S CLEANSING TIME!
How my beloved Master's plan became clear. He had honoured me by using me as bait, while he launched a surprise attack.
PRAISE BE!
DESTROY HIM! HE IS ONLY ONE MAN!
AYE, ONE MAN! BUT I AM FILLED WITH THE FIRE OF THE REDEMPTION!

THE ALL-CLEANSING FIRE THAT WILL SAVE NECROMUNDA!
SO...WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
HARM ME AT YOUR PERIL, SIR! I AM FERRON VOOR, EMISSARY OF KARLOTH VALOIS, MASTER OF PLAGUE ZOMBIES
FINE TITLES
BUT TO ME YOU'RE JUST THE DEVIANT WHO'S GOING TO LEAD ME TO THE CALLER
THE REDEEMER DRAGGED VOOR UP ABOVE AND ADDRESSED HIS ZEALOTS
BEFORE I "QUESTION" THIS MISCREANT, ARE THERE ANY OTHERS AMONG YOU WHO DOUBT MY SANITY, OR FITNESS TO LEAD THIS CRUSADE? LET THEM SPEAK NOW!
AND SPEAK TRUTHFULLY! I'VE NO TIME FOR "YES" MEN
OH YES, ABSOLUTELY.
WE FOLLOW YOU AND TRUST YOU, GLORIOUS REDEEMER!
THREE GLORY BE'S FOR OUR REDEEMER!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT
CARRY ON, MEN
HMMMM
BRRRMMM!

CHAPTER THREE
LIFTS
SUMP CITY
GUILDERS GULCH
CYBER PASS
SLURRY
WHITE BONE ROAD
MUTIE-SPRINGS
FREEXVILLE
HUNGER SKREE
FREEXVILLE WAS BURNT TO THE GROUND! SLURRY SURRENDERED. ALTHOUGH THAT DID NOT SAVE THE HIVER SCUM!
AND NOW, MUTIE SPRINGS IS OURS!
NEXT- CYBER PASS AND GUILDERS GULCH..!
AND WHEN GUILDERS GULCH FALLS, THE WAY IS CLEAR TO
THANK YOU, MAYOR
SUMP CITY, AND THE LIFT SHAFTS TO THE HEART OF THE HIVE!
SUMP CITY

TELL YOUR FORCES TO BE READY! WE MUST PUSH ON BEFORE THE HIVERS CAN RETALIATE!
THEY'RE BUSY PILLAGING RIGHT NOW, CALLER, BUT ONCE THEY'RE FINISHED
WELCOME TO MUTIE SPRING
THERE WILL BE PLUNDER FOR ALL AT SUMP CITY!
YEAH - SLAVES TECH N' CREDITS FOR THE TAKIN'!
MMMMMLHHHHHH!
URRGGGGGHHHH!
PLAGUE ZOMBIE!
WHAT THE FRAG'S IT DOING HERE?
GO, MINDLESS ONE! THERE IS NOTHING FOR YOU HERE!
I AM ONLY USING THIS CORPSE TO COMMUNICATE, CALLER.
THIS IS FERRON VOOR. I AM SPEAKING TO YOU FROM THE ANCIENT TRAIL NEAR HUNGER SKREE. I HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE REDEEMER, AND -
WHAT??!!

WHY IS VOOR LOOKING SO SMUG, MALAKEV...? I DON'T LIKE IT. I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL.
I HAVE NO IDEA, MY LORD.
NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T. IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION. I WASN'T EXPECTING AN INTELLIGENT REPLY.
LET US BEGIN WITH THE NUMBER 15 IRON THE EPIDERMAL EXCRUCIATOR
IT'S AT MAXIMUM EXCRUCIATION LEVEL, MY LORD.
BEHOLD THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR SALVATION! "IT BURNS AS IT HOOKS AS IT COOKS"
NOW CONFESS WHERE IS THE CALLER HIDING?
DO YOUR WORST, REDEEMER. YOUR PATHETIC TOYS HOLD NO FEAR FOR ME
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY—WHILE THEY STILL HAVE TONGUES TO SPEAK
HSSSSS!

GIVE ME THE READOUT WHAT LEVEL OF PAIN HAS THE DEVIANT REACHED ?
ADRENALIN ZERO RESPIRATION ZERO, PERSPIRATION ZERO HE'S FLAT LINING
AND, AS YOU ARE SO FOND OF SAYING, REDEEMER ...
"IF IT DOESN'T HURT, IT DOESN'T COUNT !"
HMM ...A CHALLENGE TO MY SKILL. THAT'S ALMOST INTERESTING
WE SHALL SEE IF YOU'RE QUITE SO WITTY ONCE WE HAVE APPLIED THE TORSO DISTORTER. "CUTS AS IT CRUSHES AS IT MUSHES !"
PREPARE HIM MALAKEV
YOU CANNOT HURT WHAT DOES NOT LIVE, REDEEMER.
I HAVE THE ANSWER ! WHY DON'T WE USE THE MELTA GUN ON HIM ?
WHAT A GENIUS YOU ARE, MALAKEV LEAVING HIM AS A LIVING PUDDLE OF FAT AND ASHES
THAT WOULD BE MOST USEFUL IN FINDING THE CALLER
"The Redeemer ordered a day long fast and spent the time in meditation, seeking guidance at last the solution came into his knowledge."
IF I CAN HALT THE DECAY RAMPANT WITHIN VOOR'S DEAD FLESH

I CAN BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE.
AND THEN TORTURE HIM!
"With the aid of Bruce's Ratskin herbs, and his own encyclopaedic knowledge, the Redeemer concocted an anti-entropic serum."
THIS SHOULD STIMULATE THE GROWTH OF NEW FLESH.
SOON YOU WILL BE CLEAN AND WHOLE AGAIN, DEVIANT FILTH!
AND THEN...I'M THROWING THE BOOK AT YOU!
Liber Excrutiatus
THIS MAY HURT A LITTLE
BUT NOT AS MUCH AS THE WRATH OF THE EMPEROR TO COME! FOR YOU HAVE DELAYED ME IN MY HOLY MISSION TO SAVE NECROMUNDA FROM THE HOWLING HORDES OF DEVIANTS!
YOUR MISSION IS OVER REDEEMER
BY THE HOLY THRONE!

TAKE HIM!
EMPEROR'S BLOOD!
SCOURGE AND PURGE!
KRAK!
KPOW!

WHERE THE CALLER FAILED, I WILL SUCCEED!
CHIKA
IN YOUR FETID DREAMS, DEVIANT
choke... splutter GAS FLING! THE SPORES.. choke!
I HAVE NO IDEA AS YET, EXACTLY HOW YOU WILL SUFFER FOR HUMILIATING THE EMISSARY OF KARLOTH VALOIS, LORD OF THE DEAD...
BUT I'M SURE I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

✠ NAME: Debbie Gallagher

✠ CRIME: Heretic

✠ INQUISITOR: Brother Marcus of Gascoyne

Tha heretic known as "Dabbie Gallaghar" is one half of tha demanted two-haaded mutant taam bahind the whola saga of the Redeemer, along with the mighty Pat Mills. Wa'll be talking to Pat in tha naxt special issua, but in tha maantima we subjected Debbie to a tew days of the number LVII torture devica in a bid to find out just what kind of damented, heretical Chaos-worshipper comes up with the crazed fun that fills thase pages.

So, heretic, tell us everything! Let no secret ba uncovered, for be sure that tha Emperor is watching and your sins will be found out!

Well, I'm 30, I live in Tulsa Hill in London, I enjoy strange hobbies lika rolaplaying and my idea of a good time is running round a field using a rubber sword to hit guys in chainmail. My partner is equally odd, and the nearast we've got to growing up is agreeing that ona of us should learn to drive...

How did you gat into writing these vila comics?

Through Pat. We mat at a publishing party, whare I was ranting on about how difficult it was to get stuff published on a regular basis. Before than, I had written articles for magazines, which were well-received but they were just one-offs. I showed Pat some of my prose, and he suggested we try writing in partnership.

So how long exactly has this blasphamy been going on?

About two years now, which isn't bad going. It's been hard work but it seams to be paying off. I am absolutely astonished – and very plaased – with the way things have developed.

I first worked with Pat on a Games Workshop story called 'Grundheim's Grudge' for Warhammer Monthly. *[Whatever you do, do not check out that debut – also the first strip for that foul wretch Karl Kopinski – in the infamous WHM3.]* That was the first tima I saw my name in print in a comic. We shortly followed that with a Slaine story called 'Cel' for 2000AD.

Were you taught this sinful craft from an early age?

No. Whan I was growing up, I was too annoyed at the total lack of decent superheroines to care who wrote them! Women with superpowers just drifted around being soppy and falling in love... it was very difficult to find a rola-model you could anjoy. My faalings towards comics really changed when I started reading stuff by Alan Moora, Grant Morrison, Frank Miller, Nell Gaiman – ali tha usual giants!

It's a pity. It might be fun if they taught kids how to write comics, and very useful too. Writing comics introduces you to the idea of scripts and storyboards. It's a very handy skill to learn if you're interasted in the media, especially for stuff like writing film scripts.

Do you always work in concert with that arch-villain, Pat Mills?

I have in the past, though things are moving on. While we both anjoy working together, and there's no reason to stop, we've also both got different things we want to write about. Pat has given ma an anormous amount of help on learning how to 'build' a strip, and ha knows the industry back to front, so his opinion's well worth listaning to. Most important of all, he really undarstands tha craft of writing comics.

How does your diabolic creation come about?

We both write, and we both pace around a lot! And it's pretty much tha same with whatever we're working on. First there's creating the story and characters. Then there's pacing the story, and breaking it down into panels. Than there's writing it, throwing around dialogua that feels right, and that's very difficult to describe. I think you just sit down and do it.

Confess, traitor! Who is the best writer in comics today?

Oh that's just impossible to answer! As a purely personal preferenca, Neil Gaiman's tha writer who prasses all the right buttons for ma. I love the way he weaves popular culture and mythology together. He's the one I come back to again and again.

And the best artist?

Another really tough question! I've got a lot of time for Wayna Reynolds and Duka Mightan. That's probably becausa I've been working with them both, but it's got to be said Wayna's depiction of the Redeemer is really hot. I think ha's got vast amounts of potential. And Duke Mighten's Batman is ultra-stylish. I admira it because I haven't seen anything lika it before. But overall... well, Frank Miller's probably the most awe-inspiring. Is there anything that man can't do? Scary. And I love Dave McKean's dreams-into-nightmare stuff. Alex Ross's painted work in Kingdom Come really caught my attention. At last, someona made Wonder Woman look strong! At last, someona made Clark Kent look like a real Mid-Westerner! I was impressed!

These hideous comic book heroes – who do you love, and who do you hate?

Well, I have a thing about mean, moody loners, so it has to be The Sandman (because he almost makes Goths attractive) and Batman, because he wes the King of Angst before it was fashionable.

Hated characters? Don't get me going on this one! There's not so much one comic charecter I hate, as a type of comic character I hate. Huge gangs of X-Bores and inflatable women (I'm sure you know what I mean!) What are they all doing? Do we know? Do we care? Don't get me wrong, I grew up with the whole X-thing, and I really enjoyed it until there were so many mutants you'd find spare ones floating in your soup, well, spare female ones. Thanks to the artists, those girls couldn't drown. I appreciate the X-phenomenon as an enormous market success, and all credit to those who made it happen. It's just that, on a personal level, I'd rather chew my own leg off then read tha stuff.

That could be arranged... Lucky for your soul, you are not the blasphemous swine who also draws these so-called 'entertainments'. How do you feel about that?

The cool thing is seeing an idea you heve suddenly take off, and become something you couldn't imagine. Sometimes it doesn't happen, and thet can be frustrating. But it's a real thrill when an artist just gets it absolutely right, when they've just exactly hit the feeling of what it is you want them to convey. Wayne has been amazing at doing that on The Redeemer. People have told me that they're nuts about his action sequences. I can see what they mean, but personally, I just love the facial expressions he gives the characters. They crack me up completely.

When I was writing the script, I had no idea of how the characters would look. It was only when Wayne presented us with his preliminary sketches that I could see exactly how perfect Malakev was. One thing is to describe a character, and another is to see it work so well. The Redeemer took a little longer, because I think, Wayne had more heroic options to play with.

Kiovis isn't just tough, he's worryingly smart. And while he's a man of action, he's also very resourceful when he's dasperate. That's a lot to put across in a portreyal. Readers can get used to classing heroes in two categories: thinkers and fighters. We needed Wayne to make Klovis look like both, and I think he's succeeded in doing that.

Writing lines for Kiovis is immense fun. He almost writes his own lines. I don't like to think what he'd make of us giggling hysterically over the stories. Just as well he's not the editor. Malakev, meanwhile, just started out as The Redeemer's chronicler. We knew where he began and where he finished, but he just took over by himself when it came to dialogue. Before we knew it, he was the exceptional human being we all know and love.

We have heard that you watch so-called 'moving pictures' to give you inspiration for your vile works. Name those we should be suppressing!

Hundreds! And it has nothing to do with them being any good! If you are trying to give an artist an impression of how a character should be looking and feeling, and you describe, say, a 'Jack Nicholson smile' the artist knows exactly what you are talking about. It's a strong visual fix and it can really work.

Films inspire me a lot, from truly amazing movies like *Blade Runner* and *Cosoblenco* to various Chinese martial arts movies, cheesy horror flicks and sci-fi films. Favourite movies? I just can't do this list thing! *Dangerous Liaisons* is definitely up there, along with Tim Burton's *Nightmare before Christmas*. Other long-time favourites include *The Godfather*, *The Usual Suspects*, *Strictly Ballroom* (just too bizarre!) and *Silence of the Lambs*. I thought *Starship Troopers* and *Mars Attacks* were two extremely clever and underrated films. I still love *Star Wars*. The movie that touched me most when I saw it was *Cyrano De Bergerac* with Gerard Depardieu, but I really enjoyed *The Truman Show* as well (a hard thing for me to admit, as I've never been a Jim Carrey fan). Frankly, I'll watch anything.

Who would portray the Redeemer in such a movie?

Hmmm. What about Alan Rickman (the bad guy from *Die Hard*)? He'd have to put on a bit of muscle, though... Malakev would have to be Bob Hoskins maybe, or Danny Devito (with just a tiny touch of his character from *Throw Momma From The Train*). Anyone on the short, round side...

When other deluded souls ask your advice on becoming a heretic like you, what do you tell them?

Keep trying! Study the market you're aiming at (saves a lot of wasted time) and adapt if you need to. Use rejection letters to wallpaper your lavatory. When people ask me where I get my ideas from, though, well, I just pour tea into my saucer and blow bubbles in it. By the time I look up, they've usually gone away.

What corrupt heresy are you cooking up at the moment?

Well, there's a Batman Prestige Book called 'Batman – Book of Shadows' coming out in July, and of course, there's our man The Redeemer to finish. There are some other extremely interesting forthcoming projects in the pipeline, but I'm not going to tempt fate by talking about them!

And are you planning more adventures of that holy inspiration to us all, The Redeemer?

Of course! I'm not going to be content until we've shot the Redeemer, Malakev and the Brethren off into space. I think the imperium needs them!

We've heard enough! Condemned out of her own mouth! Take her away! And let that be a lesson to you all! ✠

THE REDEEMER AND HIS FORCES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE CALLER'S ALLY, FERROX VOOR.
CHAPTER FOUR
HUNGER SKREE
WHAT IS THIS BLASPHEMY?
IT IS THE TOMB OF THE RAT GOD
WAKE THE RAT! WAKE THE RAT!
AND LIKE ALL GODS IT REQUIRES SACRIFICE!
I SEE AND FROM THE GLOATING EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE YOU CLEARLY INTEND ME TO BE THAT OFFERING!
WAKE THE RAT! WAKE THE RAT!
WAKE THE RAT!
WAKE THE RAT!
THE RATSKINS WILL LIKE IT. AND, OF COURSE, IT WILL INVOLVE CONSIDERABLE SUFFERING ON YOUR PART!
OF COURSE. HMM HIEROGLYPHICS... ARCHEOTECH... INTRIGUING...
IT IS THE CALLER'S PLACE OF PRAYER AND IT HAS AN OTHER FEATURE I THINK YOU WILL FIND INTERESTING
THE CULT OF THE ALL DEVOURING RAT-GOD WAS MADE OUTCAST BY MOST RATSKIN TRIBES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE WHY!
WAKE THE RAT! WAKE THE RAT! FEED THE RAT!

We watched in horror as our beloved Redeemer was thrown into the pit
YEAAAYY!
I WOULD WILLINGLY OFFER TO TAKE THE REDEEMER'S PLACE, BUT I KNOW HE WOULD NEVER ACCEPT IT
THWOMP!
I'M NOT IMPRESSED VOOR EVEN A RAT GOD CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT FOOD
SO LITTLE FAITH REDEEMER WHY DO YOU THINK THEY LET ME COME HERE?

I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE FAVOURED OF KARLOTH VALOIS CAN DRAIN LIFE ESSENCE
WHAT YOU MAY NOT BE AWARE OF
IS THAT SOME OF US CAN REVERSE THAT PROCESS
SNAKT!

Using the rifle as a crow bar the Redeemer levered it until he felt the slab move...
SKLAP!
And pulled himself free!
KRRASH!

AIEEEHH!
NO! BY THE POWER OF KARLOTH VALOIS... THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING.
TAKE HEED, HERETIC. I FORGIVE YOUR SINS
EVEN THOUGH, OF COURSE...
RRRIIP!
SCRUNCH!
YAAAUUGH!
YOU MUST STILL PAY HORRIBLY FOR THEM.

Eventually the maimed stopped screaming, and as the "Rat-god" lumbered off into the tunnels, our beloved Redeemer rescued us.
PRAISE BE!
YES. A MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE, MEN. REMIND ME TO TAKE YOU ON MY NEXT CRUSADE.
COME HERE, BRUDE.
NO, NO, DON'T HURT ME, LORD.
JUST TRANSLATE THESE PRIMITIVE DOODLES.
I-I DARE NOT, LORD. THEY ARE THE SECRET WRITINGS OF THE CALLER. TO TRANSLATE THEM WOULD BE DEATH!
BRUDE. ALTHOUGH YOU ARE RUNNING OUT OF FACIAL FEATURES FOR ME TO ABUSE, I AM SURE THERE IS SOME OTHER PORTION OF YOUR ANATOMY THAT I CAN STRETCH, BURN OR AMPUTATE...
I HEAR AND OBEY, MY LORD.
AT THE PLACE OF MAHY MERCHANTS BEYOND THE WAY OF THE OLD MACHINES...THERE THE MAGIC OF THE SPIDER GODDESS WILL MEET THE MEDICINE OF THE RAT-GOD.
THEN THE SPIRE SHALL QUAKE AND FALL!

HE MUST MEAN GUILDER'S GULCH BEYOND CYBER PASS... THAT'S WHERE THE CALLER IS GOING, AND WHERE HE PLANS
"TO DESTROY NECROMUNDA!"
WARP
TO BE CONTINUED